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A LETTER FROM EXON to his Friend, Mr. *T Wills*, in *London*, concerning the Landing of the *French*, *July* 26; with the particulars of the Burning the Town of *Tingmouth*, &c.

no. 31

Loving Kinſman, *1. Aug. 1690.*

MY Service in the Camp, againſt the French Fleet, hinder'd me from Writing the laſt Poſt. The Enemy now lie as they did when I wrote to you laſt; and on *Saturday* Morning, about Five, the 15 Gallies, and one Man of War, with the Long-boats, made up to *Tingmouth*, and Rang a Peal of Canons about half an hour long; afterwards landed about 1000 Men, who entred the Town, and burnt about 30 Houſes: went into the Church, broke the Communion-Table in pieces, the Pulpet and Desk; tore the *Common-Prayer* Book in pieces, and did ſome injury to the Font. I obſerv'd the Proclamation for the Faſt againſt a Pillar, which had but one cut with a Sword. There were in the Harbour about Eight Ships and Barks which they alſo burned, not ſparing the Paſſage-Boat, nor the Village which lies the Yonder ſide the Paſſage. They alſo made an Incurſion about a Mile above the Town, and burnt ſeveral Country Houſes. About three Hours before they Landed, Coll. *Bampfield* was in the Town with his Regiment, but they pretending to Land about *Brixham*, he was Commanded there; and the Town left to the Guard of the Mobile, and a Mob. Troop of Horſe, Commanded by the young *Heyden*, who all ſcoured upon the firſt Firing of the Enemy, and left two pieces of half Canon planted upon the Shore, which the Enemy took with them. When they landed, there was ſo great a Miſt, that one could not diſcern the other: About Nine a Clock it broke up, and the Enemy retir'd to their Boats, when I enter'd the Town, in the Head of 200 of the *Poſſe Com.* where we found the Town all in Flames and Ruine, but no one ſtay'd to be killed; all left their Houſes, except an old Woman, of Eighty Years, who was taken in the Bed, and in danger of Raviſhment; but pleading her Age, eſcaped. She ſays, about Twenty enter'd her Chamber, all Engliſh; they made bold with her Coffers, but aſſured her, ſhe need not be afraid of burning her Houſe; aud told her, If the reſt had ſtay'd, they might have ſaved theirs. I ſend you ſome of their Match, which I took burning in a Houſe; and were it not for the charge of Poſtage, would ſend you a Bullet of 30 *l.* weight, which I took up in the Ruins of a Chimney. I am juſt mounting again (having ſeen your Mare, who will be ſerviceable againſt you come) and therefore muſt bid you adieu, wiſhing us Victory over the Enemy, and a happy meeting,

Exon, July 28. 1690. *Yours* J. W.

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